



**Paddy's**

**World**

**leïla chellabi**

The background of the entire image is a soft, horizontal rainbow gradient transitioning from red on the left to yellow in the center and blue on the right. Overlaid on this is a dark, almost black silhouette of a person, possibly a dancer, in a dynamic pose with one arm raised. A bright, diagonal rainbow light streak cuts across the image from the bottom left towards the top right, passing behind the silhouette.

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LCenteur

Sheela was out of her mind when she came to visit her best friend Kelly.

Now, after an hour, she is still in such a bad temper that Kelly, her very best girl friend, does not know what she can do to calm her down.

No peculiar reason; at seventeen, Sheela is a very bright girl, intelligent and vivid, but she gets angry for no reason at all, as if a demon speaks or thinks instead of her. It is very frightening for everyone, though not for Kelly, used to these scenes, which annoy her a lot. Anyway, she loves her best friend and waits until the crisis is over, for no reason either...

The amazing thing is that Sheela never gets angry with her father. Nobody can understand why, but he is the only person in the world with whom Sheela does not lose her temper at all! And it drives her mother mad. With all the others - and Kelly is probably the favorite one of Sheela's friends - there is absolutely no limit to the anger Sheela can show, live, being sorry afterwards, but who cares when she is in this foolish state of hers?

So today, Kelly decides to play piano while Sheela, still out of her mind, walks over to the sofa and falls

on the floor screaming her pain and yelling at the whole world in general, as usual.

It is really tiring, and playing Abba's "*Dancing Queen*" covers Sheela's voice. What a performance!

After a few minutes, Sheela starts to dance to this music she likes very much, singing at the same time to expel all the violence she needs to get rid of.

And what a violence! Unbelievable! But true...

Then Kelly left the piano to dance and sing with Sheela, like two girly teenagers very happy to be together and to perform their best talents as one.

Doris, Kelly's mother, comes in at this very moment and, watching the scene, she starts to laugh, the two girls were so funny miming the singers of the group Abba she loves.

Sheela will have dinner with Kelly's family and then Kelly's father will take her home as usual. Sometimes Kelly goes with them, sometimes not, depending on her homework.

Delicious dinner; Sheela thinks without saying it, that her own mother is a dreadful cook... And that is why she loves to stay for dinner at her friend Kelly's home.

It is around 7.30 pm when Kelly's father drives her home.

He has beautiful eyes, like Kelly's, thinks Sheela silently.

She says bye, looking at him and smiling, he says bye and drives away leaving Sheela when she opens her front door.

Never leave a teenager alone on the street at night, is a motto for Kelly's father.

Sheela shows her father how happy she is to see him, making a simple sign with her hand to her mother cleaning the kitchen after dinner. And her mother, looking sad, gives her back a despairing sigh.

Sheela does not understand why her mother is always sad.

She thinks it is unfair on her father. Simple! Very unfair. He is such a sweet and loving husband and father. No way, her mother is sad, and that is that!

And Sheela cannot bear sadness. She cannot stand it, it makes her feel so bad sometimes, she could cry blood tears, yes, it is unbearable to her.

When her father sits in the living room to watch TV, Sheela goes into her room, she does not want to be alone with her mother. This has lasted for months now and her mother gets sadder and sadder. This time, before going in her room, Sheela decides to go into the kitchen, where she asks her mother:

– Mom, please, why are you always so sad? Is there something I should know about?

– No more reason than when you go of your mind, my love, answers her mother.

And because this is the last thing Sheela wanted to hear from her mother, very sad herself, she leaves the kitchen without a word.

“What is the matter with this family? What has my mother's sadness to do with us, Father and me?”

thinks Sheela, making an effort not to lose her mind once more. She succeeds and goes to her bedroom to play games on her “iPad”, connecting worldwide through music played with people you do not know and will never meet... It is really exciting, Sheela loves playing music on her “iPad” with strangers all over the world. She feels so secure travelling the world at home. Really cool!

And time goes by so fast!

At nineteen, Sheela and Kelly have grown up, the first does not lose her mind for nothing anymore, she has a boyfriend she loves, - at last she thinks that she loves him, but what is love at this age but the need to be loved? And to feel like the woman she will soon be, or is already? Who knows how evolution pushes you into life? And how Sheela will act and react? For Kelly it is a little bit different, she loves to be loved of course, who does not? But her passion for the piano is stronger than any of the boys’ eyes on her, for which she does not care that much. She wants to work at her piano and become a professional player. She made her choice at the age of eight and will not change her mind about that.

Sheela does not know what she wants to do. Maybe marry a wealthy man and have no other problem but being happy doing what she wants to do, whenever she wants to do it. No obligation, nothing but run a home, and have children, but not too soon, Sheela needs to enjoy life first, because she does not want to marry in haste and repent at leisure!

So both Sheela and Kelly will go to Princeton University, where the Department of Arts fits Kelly's wishes. And Sheela who is gifted with many talents has chosen to become a scientist but will also train as an actress, that is the idea: "Be able to earn your life, and enjoy it as best you can" said her father, while her mother was crying in silence because she feels very sad to see her daughter leaving home for Princeton.

– Mother, I am not going away! I am going to try to make something of my life - learn a profession and maybe learn the theater because I love it. Kelly and I are both admitted to Princeton, I will not be on my own and you should be happy for me! says Sheela, exhausted by such sadness cried out by her mother.

– Yes, my love, but I cannot help but be sad, you know, says her mother.

– Oh yes! I know and it kills me, after all these years I am not sorry to leave you and your sadness behind me, answers Sheela, happy to go away for a while.

So, after summer was over, Sheela and Kelly went to Princeton with smiles on their faces and strong intentions to do what they wanted to do. But is that what they have to do? thinks Sheela, the rebel. They took a little apartment downtown in the city. A very nice little apartment, a bedroom each, two bathrooms, a large living room with the kitchen in one corner. Very lovely indeed, modern, neat and cosy.

– Lucky, we are lucky we found it, and do not forget it is your mother who found it for us, she is just bril-



liant even if she is always sad..., says Kelly while they are moving in.

– I can't forget, I won't forget! She can be wonderful, but I really don't understand her! replies Sheela, making up her bed.

– My Sheela! We are in Princeton! Life is beautiful and I am so happy! It is a pity that I have no piano here! I have to think about it! says Kelly.

– No! No, no... Don't! There is no room for a piano in here, you'd better go to the university to play, and please, think of the noise for our neighbours... and me! No, forget about a piano! says Sheela laughing.

– You are right! I am not used to living without a piano, can't you see? Have a heart, please! Otherwise I could be so sad! says Kelly looking at her friend.

– What! Sad? Listen I have run away from sadness! Sadness does not exist anymore for me! I don't even want to hear that word pronounced here at home! Please Kelly don't do that to me, please forget about sadness, there is no room for sadness here, OK? says Sheela with determination.

– OK! Okay! So, do I go to the supermarket or will you go? Then we will take turns depending on our schedules, but we have to buy something, don't we? asks Kelly.

– Yes, I'll go. Look, my suitcase is empty, try to find a place for it. I have money, we will see later, such luck! Look, it is almost opposite, just two minutes walk. See you later, says Sheela before leaving.

Kelly knows Sheela all too well, and she knows that she will take advantage of buying food to look

around to see if some nice guy lives not far from the apartment. Seduction is a need for Sheela, she cannot live without the feeling that she is beautiful and that people - especially men - look at her and want to talk to her and more. She was not like that before, it happened to her recently. She was eighteen or so, and she started to be more and more interested in boys and men. And besides, Kelly knows that Sheela is in love with her father since forever, she loves his eyes! But Kelly never thought that love was something serious, only a caprice of the little girl she no longer is. And Kelly does not want to think for a second about what could happen in her family if Sheela was still in love with her dad. Because her dad is not indifferent to Sheela, she can see that in his eyes even if nobody else can notice it. But this is the last thing in the world Kelly wants to think about. Yes, the last!

Half an hour after she left, Sheela is back with everything needed to start keeping house. And Kelly is impressed because Sheela did not forget anything...

– Bravo! you are the best young housewife I ever met! says Kelly.

– Not interested in being a housewife for you! replies Sheela seriously.

– Of course! It was just a way of saying how much I admire you... says Kelly.

– Got it! Thanks, says Sheela, while Kelly fills the empty fridge and tidies the kitchen.

A tiring day for both of them, but in a way so enthusiastic that they are not exhausted, and they watch TV while eating the omelette Sheela cooked with potatoes and tomatoes.

– It is delicious! Kelly says.

– I think I am a good cook! Yes! I don't get it from my Mom... Don't know where it comes from! says Sheela, kept in suspense by the film.

And then, the first night was very good; they slept until ten the next morning.

The next evening Sheela and Kelly made a deal.

– Look, Kelly, here at home, I'd prefer not to talk about the university or what happens there, good or bad. I don't want to hear and say anything about how it is going for us on the campus, during the courses or whatever. I want us to keep a total silence and respect it when we are at home. Is that OK with you? Please! asks Sheela.

– Oh my God! What for? asks Kelly.

– I don't know, it's just that I couldn't stand it, I suppose. Please, I need a promise from you, OK? says Sheela.

And, despite her surprise, Kelly makes the promise without understanding a word about Sheela's very strange request.

And it is probably on that night that the deal between them began.

Their life at home became a kind of glass bubble where they lived in total separation from their lives on campus, with their professors, and so on...

What a curious way to start, their student lives! My God! thinks Kelly.

Every day starts with breakfast together, then each of them walks away without a word and every night neither of them would talk about their day and how they spent it at the university.

And so a month went by, and then another...

The apartment sounds odd, apart from their student lives, away from their everyday realities, somewhere between their friendship and a secret that Sheela did not want to share. That is Kelly's question about the strange situation she now shares with Sheela.

And that means also that none of the students they each know on campus could come home. Sheela sees her friends, Kelly hers, but not at home. That is part of the deal, of course.

In fact, Sheela has a boyfriend, at least she says so. Kelly has no idea who he is. She knows that he is not at the university and that Sheela can see him only once a month. That's it! No more. But Kelly, used to Sheela's behaviour, does not mind. She accepts this from her best friend, not asking any questions.

When Christmas arrives, it's time for the two friends to go back home to their parents for the holidays, with gifts and food... But like two little girls, it is the dream of the Christmas tree which excites them most. And they can both laugh about this childish reaction of theirs.

At home, Sheela stays in her room with her “iPad”, sending mails, then going out nobody knows where. She explains that she needs to take a walk, but refuses to let Kelly go along. Strange behaviour again, thinks Kelly. No matter what Sheela does or wants, even if she does not always understand her, Kelly loves her.

At that time Sheela is very often alone with her “iPad”, where her favorite game is the Duet. A musical connexion with someone around the world playing music with her. She spend hours playing, bewildered by the lights on the screen, beautiful lights matching the notes of music, the blues are so beautiful and the little white lights too, Sheela thinks they are cosmic, spatial, and she cannot help playing and looking at them for such a long time that her mother wonders what she can be doing behind the closed door of her bedroom. Sheela never gives any explanation, she plays over and over again until dinner; when she is not out of the house.

And, when Sheela is out, nobody knows where she is either.

So Sheela’s mother starts to worry about her daughter. She talks to Kelly, who cannot answer because she knows nothing about what her friend is doing or who she sees, if she does...

Sheela’s father is not worrying, he trusts her daughter, and tells to his wife not to bother Sheela or Kelly or anyone else; let her live as she wants to and, please, do not be like a mother’s little child; Sheela

is nineteen now, and she probably knows exactly what she is doing.

Sheela's mother's sadness starts to grow again, she does not see much of her daughter, who does not speak to her, and she begins to imagine what Sheela could be doing when she is not at home.

Sheela has lovers of her own: they are the games players on "iPad" with whom she is connected almost all day long. And this is the only thing her mother is far from imagining.

So that is how life goes on during the Christmas holidays, without a word coming from Sheela who plays and lives in a bubble again, like the one in Princeton.

It is funny how a habit can become second nature and then a parallel life, where nobody else can enter except those who are in the bubble too.

Sheela loves to be in her bubble because nobody else except her virtual friends can come there; she controls every touch, every page of her "iPad", and feels at home in it. This world is hers, and she has nothing to justify to anyone; she plays or not, and in between she goes out, nobody knows where and she likes it that nobody does.

Sheela is greedy about these moments spent playing Duet on her "iPad". When she does this, Sheela doesn't care about anything or anyone else; she listens to the music and responds to it with fantasy and joy, because of the very unlikely meetings with a virtual friend here at home or elsewhere, including Princeton. Her virtual friends are impossible to lo-

cate; they are a tiny white spot somewhere in the world, she knows it is China or the US, France or North Africa, but no more. And it is very exciting to her. No face, no age, no gender, they just play together, nobody asks anything, the notes of music are the only links between them and her. And really, seriously, that is enough to enjoy the game or the fact of being connected to them without knowing anything else about them. For Sheela it is the biggest adventure to be experienced without travelling, but only the musical sound coming to her, at home. And it is a trip, something different, a voyage she can figure out exactly as she wants to believe it to be. Flexible, imaginative: she can change her mind about a player, from blond he can turn dark-haired, from tall to small, and from old to very young. No limits, just her desires can give shape and mood to the player. She or he? Sheela decides and she flies away on the notes like a bird following an angel's flight over the skies, all over the world.

Very comfortable indeed! Sheela lives another life at the same time that she lives the very annoying one of being at home and having to answer questions or eat her mother's horrible cooking. So Sheela wants to make her own choices, and she chooses to be here and elsewhere at the same time, with a person of her choice, a person like she wants her to be. It is of course a really wonderful trip to be on, and she cares about these moments when on her own in her bedroom she can swirl and swing the musical notes, not saying a word and not bothering about who the per-

son is at another place in the world. Because the person is as Sheela decides. Power through the “iPad” screen, Sheela’s power. What a moment! And it makes Sheela so happy, she wonders if it is the music or the way the response comes and goes? Sheela would not know, it is magic. And she loves this magic, felt in herself like a motor producing a peculiar action sent through the lights on the screen to someone who sends them back instantaneously; she feels dizzy sometimes, like a large consciousness opening to the world on the colors of a software thought to send her to the moon. And she touches the moon, and the stars, the sun also when it is shining outside. It would be more precise to say that the moon, the stars, the sun and all the lights of the world can touch Sheela’s heart and her sensitivity when she plays that game Duet on her “iPad”.

Sheela perceives signs, making her see beautiful, immaterial flowers opening in the sky; she captures signals, becoming very open to whatever happens or could happen. It seems to her that she is right in the middle of a huge colored magic lantern, in which she is at the same time the colors and the light coming from them and spreading out all over the universe.

Sheela feels no more limits, she is part of the sky and running across the world on its changing colors, being at the same time spring, summer, fall and winter. Sheela flows like a river, enters the waves of an ocean which leads her to the other side of the planet before taking her back on the wings of a cartoon boat dancing on the Mediterranean Sea.



Sheela can lead the notes of music and arrange them in a melody with a rhythm she can choose. And always the response back will give her a feeling of joy she does not expect. But she gets it. What a miracle! Imagine! Looking at the “iPad” screen is the most extraordinary travel she will ever discover. Sheela travels, she goes away through remaining static in her bedroom and everyday she thanks the manufacturer for being so inventive. Because something or someone inventive made her feel inventive too. That is what she is learning right now.

Then, one morning during these Christmas holidays, she feels a strange sensation in her solar plexus. First, she thinks that she may be sick. But after a few minutes, she knows that she is not. Then after fifteen minutes, she feels an urge to write something. Anything, but she has to write.

So Sheela opened her “Apple” computer at “Text-Edit” and begins to type.

No special topic, nothing else than this urge to write, and it is the first time in her life that such an impulse pushes her into words and phrases flowing down and out of nowhere.

Kinds of strange, beautiful, familiar colors melt with this flow that she follows as they come easily through her. What a feeling! A ballet of words, a chorus of lines, an orchestra of phrases, a song, a rhythm, a beauty coming out of her like wonderful ephemeral writing, already regretting them as they vanish into the air of her bedroom transformed into an artistic atmosphere she cannot explain or retain.

Sheela dives into it and swims like a swan on a peaceful lake, having time - but what is time? - to delightfully enjoy this state of sweetness.  
And believe it or not, that is an experience!

Minding or not, who knows?  
I am the one seeking a call  
A source, a name or the unnamed  
Who knows how to answer by the  
Silence which I feel to be the only  
Response to what I experience right now,  
Who can feed back and listen  
To my heart as a brother, who will  
Give and not take, who loves and  
Not hate, please, mind for me as  
The one to be cared for, to be loved.  
Minding or not, who knows?  
I am one among the others of course,  
And sharing the river of tears we  
All cry, I am the one filling my heart  
Out of the joy everyone can give.  
Being the river and its water,  
Living on and on like a feather  
Being supported by the winds and  
Landing on nowhere until a bird  
Passes through and picks it up to  
Put it back on his back, I dream  
My life like a Disney cartoon, I  
Do not want to get out of it, I  
Am the dreamer and the dream  
Cannot you see? How bothersome it is

To try to call someone when someone  
Is nobody else than me? Who are you?  
Who am I? The same and so different!  
So I am the one seeking a call, a  
Source, a name or the unnamed  
Who I can recognize by the silence  
Presenting itself in and around me...  
Which is very difficult to understand  
When a mother or a father are trying  
To listen to me, to find out what  
They do not know they are yet.  
I am the one and I am nobody but the  
Result of a human intercourse which  
Brought me down on this earth.  
Too bad! And so magic!  
Being the one and one consciousness  
I beg the unsaid to come to me, it is time  
For me to be reborn from another call that  
I heard, that I am still hearing, that I  
Want to follow all my life long.  
The music of that call is in me, I can  
Sing and dance it, and that is what I am  
Going to do for the best, the unknown,  
And all the other reasons I will find  
Out of this experience fitting to the  
Divine in me and in all of us.  
I am the one just as everybody is.  
And I would like not to write anywhere  
The word "end" on anything, ever.  
Only the beginnings are worthy to be  
Notified and this is a beginning for me.

This “iPad” of mine makes me high,  
So high! Would you follow me higher?  
You are welcome, please, let us get higher!

Sheela  
The one

Drops of light for a rain of blessings, heart open to it and soul shivering with joy, Sheela now has a secret. She does not mean to be secret but what else can she do now after this experience which changes her daily life into a circle of silence dedicated to a quest, including a virtual world where players of a game named Duet call her attention and appeal to her soul into the depths of a new way to communicate without any words at all, but where she becomes the writer of a new unknown dimension where she feels at home and secure, where no one can disturb her sense of harmony and where she controls little things like being more and more alive in herself.

Christmas is the right moment for this kind of learning from nowhere, and who is in nowhere? Maybe God? But God as her mother taught her is not the One she met. And did she meet Him? It looks like it, anyway. Sheela does not want to put a name, even the name of God, to the blessings coming from elsewhere. She does not know, perhaps she wants to keep her secret as tightly as possible in the space of her bedroom? Impossible, it is impossible, this is a connexion to such a large part of the universe that Sheela herself cannot keep it behind the door of her bedroom. No. And from now on, she goes out, tak-

ing her secret like a white rose blooming from her heart. That makes her very attractive, and she can see the change happening in the eyes of the men around when they look at her. Kelly also can see that something has changed in Sheela, who is still the same but different at the same time. Why? Kelly could not say, but she is sure: Sheela has changed in a certain way. Which way? No idea!

And now, every night when Sheela enters in her bedroom, a rain of lights coming from the skies - that is what she believes - falls down on her and she could sing her happiness out loud, which she does not do, because her parents would not understand.

Now the game Duet comes second in her life; the first thing, the priority, is this urge to write when retiring in her bedroom. And Sheela writes more and more every day and night, before breakfast and after dinner. During the day she plays on her “iPad” and keeps connected with the world. She is so enthusiastic. Magic is operating well and Sheela has no other desire than that of being available as much as she can. And of course she can!

Christmas, New Year’s Eve, the traditions are respected, but her mind is elsewhere, somewhere in between her teenager’s life as a student, a daughter, and this world of her own that she has found in her beloved “iPad”. The magic is in it, comes from it, and sometimes Sheela looks at it wondering if God is there, and the rain of blessings and the drops of light, and why not? An angel or a fairy maybe? A program for people to dream more? A hardware with

some intention? Better know or find out the intention! thinks Sheela. But she is not afraid, she is enjoying this unknown intention like a sugar candy melting sweetly in her soul.

It could be frightening, yes, but though it is not, Sheela keeps in a part of her consciousness the fact that no one can change a software, it belongs to somebody's mind and you have to get into it, use it the way it is thought for. My God!

Every dream of course can switch to a nightmare, what about the last? never turns to a sweet dreamy situation, never! Why? This is the question Sheela's mother asks herself, looking at her daughter, so distant sometimes and suddenly so close. She is always worrying about Sheela because she feels that this young lady is far from the preoccupations of her friends and specially Kelly's. And a mother does not like that for her growing girl. And remembering Sheela when she was still a baby, her mother thinks she was already exactly the same, but growing up has amplified the spectre of the odd little things she would do, laugh or cry.

Incredible! Extraordinary! How is it that a baby has turned into the young lady she is now?

And Sheela's mother looks at the "iPad" with regrets; of course this gift from her husband to their daughter was not such a good idea perhaps? Sheela's mother remains sceptical about the "iPad"; was it right to put Sheela's mind and attention into it? She does not really know, but is tempted to think that it was not a good idea.

Far from her mother's thoughts, Sheela keeps on playing and living with her "iPad" like she would do with a very good friend, which it is not. But who knows? Nobody else would and certainly not her mother, of course.

– You see, Mom does not know; she has no idea what it is to play on my "iPad" and I don't like the way she looks at it as if it was the worse enemy for the little girl I still am in her mind. Who cares? I don't! says Sheela to Kelly that morning while they were jogging together.

– Look, you don't do anything else, and I understand your mother, don't you? asks Kelly, out of breath because Sheela is running very fast.

– OK, so I have to drop the idea. I had to believe that at least you could understand! replies Sheela, near to laughter.

– Remember, I am your friend and whatever you do is acceptable to me, do you know that? asks Kelly.

– Yes, I know, acceptable to you, OK, but understandable would be far better, don't you see? says Sheela, stopping.

– I am tired of running, let's sit down for a few minutes, says Kelly.

– It's not good to run and stop like that, but never mind, let us sit for a while, OK, says Sheela, sitting on the ground.

Then they breathe in silence for fifteen minutes.

The red car which was behind them comes along and a man steps out of it and says, looking at Sheela

more than at Kelly, though obvious enough for her to notice:

– Hi girls! Is there a shop in this pretty little town where I could find out everything about Feng Shui?

– What are you talking about? Kelly almost shouted.

– Feng Shui, don't you know what it is? Anyway if you don't, it's too long for me to explain, I am in a hurry. It was nice seeing you. I think I'm going to stay here a few days, with or without Feng Shui in town! Bye girls, he says, back in his car while leaving.

– What is Feng Shui? utters Sheela.

– How the hell would I know what Feng Shui is? Like this man who speaks American, it's Chinese.

– Yes, he looks like a Ch'ing man! says Sheela.

– What the hell is a Ch'ing?

Sheela takes her “iPad” out of the little bag she wears on her back when she runs and puts it on her knees to switch it on.

– Don't tell me you even run with your “iPad”?!

Sheela ignores Kelly's exclamation while connecting to the Net and commenting:

– Google, search... Feng... (she tries to spell it) here it is: Feng Shui... In the old, old days in China... the study of “wind and water” Feng Shui... to harmonise the environment and... and keep men in good health. Interesting! I will go further when we're back home. Come on, we have ten minutes walk left, I am fed up with running, says Sheela, getting up.

– And what about the Ch'ing? asks Kelly.



– Oh! it is a Chinese dynasty or something like that. This man is Chinese, isn't he? American of course, but he looks a pure Chinese type. Interesting... This day at least something happened in our boring holidays and it is quite exciting! Don't you think so, Kelly? asks Sheela.

– Mmm, I really don't know yet if it is exciting or not. It might also be the beginning of...I don't know, problems or...

– Shut up, Kelly! I don't want to hear about problems, especially when they are still unborn in our heads! You are such a pessimist, my friend... says Sheela to stop her.

– You are such a strange friend, but it is okay! And you are right, I usually paint things in dark colors, but you always paint them a sugary pink...

– Stop it, Kelly! Look, you forgot me when I was out of my mind. You think that was painting life pink? Bullshit! Sorry, but bullshit, continues Sheela with a shy laugh.

– Sorry, Sheela, here we are; can I drop by around four thirty? asks Kelly.

– Yes, come and drop in any time, I'll be there, replies Sheela, opening the door of the house.

Two hours later, lunch was served and very good it was, and as Sheela is amazed by such good food, her father gave her the address of the delicatessen where he bought it. Sheela enjoys the food before getting back to her bedroom.

A bit tired by her morning jog, she lies down on the carpet to listen to some soft music and slides slowly into a nap.

A giant “iPad” is talking to Sheela, the screen is changing colors, and it is in four dimensions. After a few minutes the “iPad” jumps into her “MacBook” and the screen breaks into a thousand pieces falling on the ground. Sheela cannot do anything except stare at the disaster; tears came to her eyes, but when she was almost bursting out crying, her “iPad” talked to her.

– Look Sheela, you don’t need your computer anymore. I want to be the one for you. My next version will soon be ready and if I go through an upgrade, I will be able to execute everything you need better than your computer did. I want to be the one for you, your number one friend, yes, I can! And you will be the happiest young lady in the world. The others cannot travel as you do with me, they do not really know me as you do, and I am so happy with you that I want us to be a unique team for the future, though if I know that “Apple” will perform better again and that you will have to split from me, yes, I know, but I am an “iPad”, I have been programmed for that split. Don’t worry, we can have some good years together, being a team like we are. What do you think about that? asks the “iPad”, moving rays of colors all over the ceiling and the walls of the room.

Sheela does not find words to express her surprise while listening to her talking “iPad”!

Magic and almost human! This is too much for me, thinks Sheela. And her “iPad” seems to get this thought of hers, guessing exactly how her mind runs. This is foolish! thinks Sheela, not finding word to say.

– Listen, Paddy, I don’t know what to answer. Of course, I want our team to go on, of course, if you can do as well as my computer did, of course if we are happy working together, then, I agree, the two of us should be happy and very close, knowing how each other functions, and yes, I can say yes, I want that to happen. But is it reasonable? because you are talking to me not as an “iPad” but as a person. And in a way, it is a bit scary, don’t you see? says Sheela looking at Paddy.

– You don’t have to be scared about anything, and not at all about me, dearest Sheela. I am your friend, can’t you see? And I will take care of you because I really care very much about you from the first day we met. So, please, don’t be scared, answers Paddy silently.

And then the discussion goes on for two or three more minutes, and this silence is so full of thoughts coming from Paddy, so full of ideas coming to Sheela that she wakes up all of a sudden, facing her computer broken on the floor and Paddy smiling, opened on the Duet game where somebody is already playing. Feeling a bit awkward, Sheela takes Paddy and switches it off, avoiding looking anymore at it. Paddy tries to hold on to its light, but could not, and its screen becomes black and hopeless.

Sheela needs to think about the dream she just had. But she is not sure it is a dream!

The computer is on the floor, broken, and though the “iPad” is sleeping now, Sheela feels its presence in a strange new way. Sheela does not want to be crazy or schizophrenic or anything like that! All of this is so strange! Looking at the “iPad”, she knows that during her nap, it turned from a regular “iPad” to Paddy. What an amazing happening in the normal life of a young lady! she thinks. But after all, is it abnormal? what is “normal”?

Still sitting on the floor, Sheela starts to take the pieces of the broken screen of her computer and put them in a plastic bag, wondering how this could happen while she was asleep.

Finding no answer to her questions, Sheela decides to leave the whole story for the next morning. Then, she put Paddy back in its original wrapping, she breathes calmly, and calls Kelly right away.

Then both went to a tea room downtown.

The first thing Sheela sees when going in, is the Ch’ing man they met during their morning jogging. Kelly, staring at the cakes, has yet to see him. The man gets up and comes over to them as soon as they are sitting at a table.

– Hi, girls, how are you? Finally I didn’t find any Feng Shui in town but it doesn’t matter, I will surely find something in New York where I know a place in Greenwich Village. So, how are you doing? he says. Sheela is surprised by the familiarity of this stranger with Kelly and her. Knowing that familiarity breeds

contempt, she keeps some distance from him, though in a cordial way.

Kelly does not understand what this man wants from them, there are a lot a people in the tea room, and he is in front of their table, talking to Sheela and her in such a familiar way that she feels a bit stiff.

– Good to know where you can find your Feng Shui stuff, says Kelly, looking at Sheela, who is smiling at her, not looking at the stranger.

– Would you mind if I sit down? asks the man.

– Yes, I think so, because we have to work. Sorry, replies Sheela rudely.

But how can you be polite with a bad-mannered person? Sheela is right, thinks Kelly silently. The man is surprised, but does not apologize before going back to his table.

– Isn't he rude? I got the impression that he was waiting for us, don't you? asks Kelly.

– Try to be positive, paranoia isn't for us, otherwise it will drives us crazy, answers Sheela, thinking of Paddy and her broken "MacBook", without a word about them.

– You are right! But sometimes, it is so difficult! says Kelly.

– Okay, let's look to the future and forget about a stranger acting so oddly.

– Yes! but I don't feel like having tea and cakes here anymore, let's go, please, says Kelly.

– Yes, let's get out of here! and Sheela gets up, followed by Kelly.

Nobody cares about them leaving the table, and they are out in the street before the stranger gets the slightest chance to say goodbye.

What a relief for them. After a big breath the two friends go back to Sheela's home where they make a cup of tea and eat cakes they bought on the way.

Sheela's crises, when out of her mind, have disappeared.

Kelly does not figure out why, but it is a fact. Nobody knew what these anxiety attacks and stress were about, not even the doctors, and Sheela's mother had seen several of them in town without any success. So everybody is very happy among Sheela's relatives and friends. Kelly of course is happy but she remains doubtful about those crises, and does not believe they are over. It is just a respite, a kind of truce before the worst crisis, maybe. How can she know? Kelly saw so many crises happen, they were so strong that there is no doubt for her: the crisis will come back sooner or later! "I should not be so pessimistic!" thinks Sheela's best friend, but she cannot help herself from thinking so.

Every one has an interiority's map, and it is always getting better or worse, depending on one's life events and how you manage them.

Are one's inner resources ever under control? Nobody knows, because it is up to each one how they evolve or not. And it is a problem, thinks Kelly, a big problem sometimes. Sheela's crises were big prob-

lems. So, wait and see is the more reasonable way: not to be too pessimistic, nor too optimistic.

This winter, the Christmas holidays seem never to end! Kelly cannot see the end of them... Too long. But why? Who knows? Not her!

It is a holiday eternity, as if time does not exist anymore but in another dimension where Paddy turns out to be quite human, and to Sheela it is as familiar as it is totally outside any rational life, as far as she can be rational herself.

Time, or what remains of it in this four or fifth dimension, passes away like falling leaves. And she is still switching Paddy on and off, listening or cutting through the very strange things he says or does. It is now a game between them. Paddy never gets angry, not like Sheela, who loses her temper now and then, but is always loving it as this whimsical relation goes onwards.

And Sheela's creativity gets more and more amazing to her every day; Paddy is not able to be surprised; everything seems to be so normal to it that Sheela sometimes is very upset.

The worst thing in this relationship is that Paddy always guesses Sheela's thoughts. How can it be? wonders Sheela. Paddy explains to her that the vibrations coming from her into it (or him?) make Paddy more like a human being, which it is not, a kind of a robot made out of her, her feelings and even her creativity, which is stimulated by Paddy's complexity, very simple in the end!

So Sheela is “experimenting” with a new way of dealing with Paddy, the little robot, which is now able to open on whatever, Sheela wants to do. For instance, when she is moody, Paddy opens a Duet game; when Sheela intends to send emails, it opens directly on the mailbox, and so on...

How amazing! It is a dialogue without words, as if Paddy was directly connected to Sheela’s brain. How is it possible? It is! That’s it!

Slowly, Paddy becomes Sheela’s confidant. She is sure that Paddy won’t tell anyone what she says and does, or wants to do. Their secret life in common is Sheela’s closest secret and she hides it even from Kelly, who would not believe Sheela.

And Sheela’s life becomes a 21st Century fairy tale, like no other in the world.

Once, her mother asks her where Sheela’s computer is.

– It is now in my “iPad”, answers Sheela. Don’t worry, Mom, I have here all that I need to work or play. Could you make pancakes for me? Thanks.

– I don’t understand I.T. so far, so if everything’s okay for you, it is for me, says her mother, going back into the kitchen.

In a milky way somewhere out of this world, Sheela loves to surround herself with Paddy which embraces whole dreams coming down to her in a relationship she does not control at all. Flying the universe, climbing up to the stars and slipping on rainbows, Sheela is the queen of her imagination, out of



which she can write so many stories coming from nowhere through her heart. And it is very exciting for her. Despite the fact that she cannot tell anyone about this state of freedom, she lives in happiness. Kelly is very much aware that something unusual is happening to Sheela, but they do not talk about it. Kelly never asks any questions, she knows that Sheela hates them and would not say anything to Kelly.

So life goes on for Sheela, more and more conscious of the very strange events flowing into her oniric life, then in her daily life among others, but to her it is one life with a secret of her own she does not want to share with anyone.

A kind of gilded cage from where Sheela plays hide-and-seek like a little girl, like an adult, but alone, and she loves this kind of solitude full of beauty, empty of noise and problems. And out of all the problems around, Sheela is the princess of Paddy's magic. What an experience!

Then came a time of dizziness when Paddy and she start to have a real dialogue which she now accepts after her initial fears and her rebellion. Fears are over, swept away by the marvel of Paddy serving her imagination and creativity. No need to add that Sheela is not happy about having to go back to Princeton.

– Look, I would like to quit, I would like to leave university, she says that morning when Kelly and she go jogging.

– What is this stupid idea? shouted Kelly stopping in her tracks.

– I don't know, I just think I should. I am not interested any more, answers Sheela, looking at her friend sadly.

– Sheela, you are hiding something from me! I am your friend, you know that. So what is the matter with you? asks Kelly, almost angry.

– I am sorry, Kelly. I would like to make something else of my life. I feel more and more like an artist, she says while sitting on the ground.

– This is new! An artist! I am supposed to be the artist, you see. You never told me that before. Listen, what is happening to you? You are becoming a stranger to me, I hate it! So please, tell me what is going on in your head, says Kelly, more softly.

– I know, I am so sorry! says Sheela.

– Stop being sorry and explain yourself. I can't get a word of what you are saying! It is no longer the Sheela I was used to as a friend! What is this? asks Kelly.

– You are right, it is such a mess! Even for me, believe me, I am a little bit lost... Okay, I will think about it and maybe tomorrow I will be able to tell you more, but for now, just let us jog again, says Sheela, standing up to run.

Kelly looks at her and instead of following her friend Sheela, she turns her back on her to jog in the other direction to go back home. Sheela runs faster now and does not notice that she is on her own. Arriving at her house, she turns back to invite Kelly to

come in and sees that her friend is not there. So tears come to her eyes, she goes straight to her bedroom and takes a shower, melting her tears in the drops of water falling all over her body and face. And for the first time these holidays, she feels sad, dying like a flower dropping its petals in the winds of her blown happiness, switching into suffering.

Paddy is off at that time, and Sheela does not want to put it on. For once, she wants to refrain from it. And maybe a ray of hope peers through her mind: relationships and friendship should be lived with people and not with robots which are just a substitute for them.

But Sheela does not want to think anymore, afraid that Paddy, even switched off, could catch her thoughts. So she puts Paddy in the drawer of her desk, and goes down to have dinner with her parents. Visible, invisible, in and out, on and off,

Turning around and flying away, Sheela resists Paddy's fancy appeal, she makes herself as honest she can, and tries to see her relation to Paddy in another light. Difficult. Paddy is very attractive: no matter what she wants, Paddy is always so magic, the colours on the screen are so beautiful, the drops of rain falling on the lines she draws to create a rhythm, the music, the films, whatever..., Paddy is always present and reliable like an old friend, asking for nothing else than to please and run its best. Nobody human is never like that! Paddy does not answer to anything but Sheela's will, not showing or expressing any complaint about anything. What a marvel!

Sheela loves to be adored! And that is exactly how she feels when using Paddy. And “using” is not a convenient word about Paddy! thinks Sheela.

For a few hours, and over the next night, Paddy is transparent; he understands that something is a bit wrong with Sheela, she is upset, and he does not want to be put in the drawer once more, so Paddy looks once again like a normal “iPad”, very functional and no more. But Sheela knows that this behavior - yes, it is a behavior - from Paddy is a way of avoiding falling into the trap of becoming a second-hand object. So Paddy, who is very clever, tries not to attract Sheela to pay attention to him. The point is that he does not feel like an object anymore; some kind of intelligence came to him from Sheela, and he loves it when she turns the pages, for instance, it is suddenly like a caress from her, and more, when she plays the Duet game the rhythm she follows or invents is to Paddy a kind of personal way to tell him that she cares about him just as she would do with a man. And this magic touch coming from Sheela is such a pleasure for Paddy that he does not want it to end. No! It would be so sad for him not to be in Sheela’s hands!

Sheela, for her part, doesn’t know what is going on in Paddy’s electronic brain, she finds it so still, it does not talk anymore, waiting for her to start, but she does not, treating it like the “iPad” her father gave to her, that’s all! Nothing more.

At the same time, Sheela knows that Paddy is not a “normal” “iPad”; it is just the most magical of all the

“iPads” sold in the world, for sure, it is. Even if nobody can be aware about that, she is.

So their relationship is somewhere between normality and abnormality.

What is normal and what is not? That is a really good question.

And this 21st century, with all the implants and other nanotechnology going on, one can be frightened, but people in general do not believe such things. You can clone a dog, this is a very expensive reality, but it is true, is it not? thinks Sheela, not mentioning it, but Paddy receives the thought and agrees. He knows that there is something like a human’s brain in him, something so tiny that nobody can see it, and this tiniest thing in the world has been thought and made to give him the best performance he can now apply to anything asked of his mechanism, which is not so mechanical, but can have an exchange with human beings like Sheela when they are sensitive enough. And more and more human beings are sensitive, much more than in the old days.

This is a very strange situation for Sheela, but it is not an odd way of working for Paddy, which is not used to human life but can enter into it through the energetics of someone like Sheela.

Who can deal with energetics? Sheela could but she still doesn’t know what it is; the experience she is living with Paddy of course is new for her, and her body and mind are the core of so many things happening to her, that she just feels different. Energetics does not yet mean anything to her at the moment.

And it is very difficult for her because she loves her “iPad”, which turned into Paddy, and also sometimes, she would like to get rid of it. Paddy is so sad when this thought comes from Sheela’s brain to which he is now connected, so sad really! And he keeps going on like a simple “iPad”, not making waves in this very fragile equilibrium where Sheela and he are companions for the best, and he hopes not for the worst... What a life for an “iPad”! It is not a life for him, thinks Paddy who would like to tell the technicians who worked on him to get him assembled, that they missed something or probably deviated from an earlier project. But now closed in the “iPad”, he cannot communicate with them, which is perfectly unfair.

Christmas holidays are over, Sheela and Kelly will be back in Princeton in two days. From Princeton to eternity and back to Princeton from eternity, Sheela is not quite sure of her choices. She will talk to Kelly once they get to Princeton, she does not want to say anything with her parents around. Kelly is still a bit angry. But it will be over in two days from now, Sheela knows her friend, and how nice, friendly and loving Kelly is with her, just as she has always been from their childhood. God bless Kelly. Without Kelly, Sheela would be so lost!

So as the last day with her parents came to an end, before going to bed, Sheela made two promises to herself:

First: she will be very cautious about Paddy, she wants him to keep quiet.

Second: she will talk to Kelly and tell her this strange story of hers.

And the next day, on the flight back to Princeton, she talks to Kelly who listens and stares at her like a sleepwalker, saying nothing, completely voiceless.

Nothing to say except to ask herself if Sheela is not crazy?

– Look Sheela, you drive me nuts! says Kelly after a while.

– Maybe I am the nutty one, but what can I explain about a reality which is mine and that you have not experienced like I did, like I still do, though I put limits in it, for how long, I don't know! Listen Kelly, I don't ask you to believe me but simply to understand the words I use to tell you this story of mine! I have nobody else who can listen like you, and please do not judge me, because you can't! Don't you know me well enough now? And did I ever lie to you or to anyone you know? It is true, even if this sounds nuts to you and probably worse than that to anyone else. I cannot imagine telling anything about Paddy to my parents or somebody else, never! You are right, this is crazy! says Sheela, giving Kelly a pitying look.

– An “iPad”! Paddy! This is unbelievable! And at the same time, it sounds like a post modern fairy tale... Look Sheela, I have an idea, why don't you try to write this fairy tale with your own words, inspired by your own experience? As a tale, make it kind of a report of what you are living. Nobody will have any-

thing to say against this kind of fiction, which is your reality, but who cares! Just write it!

Sheela stays quiet and silent looking at Kelly, nothing on her face except that fire in her staring eyes.

– Kelly you are a genius! I knew that I had to give you this incredible facet of my life. Yes, I think I should write it now, great! says Sheela very calmly.

Kelly is impressed, Sheela is so concentrated, all of a sudden gathered in herself - with such an expression on her lovely face, that Kelly does not find any words to answer or say anything else.

Landing at the airport, Sheela is already on her way to writing, the first words coming through to her with a great intensity. She gets off the plane longing for the solitude of her bedroom, Kelly is a treasure! Thanks be to her.

Sheela starts to write there and then, hiding from Paddy. Handwriting like in the old days, because Sheela is afraid of Paddy and its capacity to enter into a computer, finding the Word document and maybe changing something in the text or even erasing it! After a week, the story, still going on about Paddy, is almost finished. Sheela writes very fast, inspired but with the pressure she has lived under lately, writing is kind of a therapy, though her style is really innovative as are her thoughts since the relationship started with Paddy.

Sheela's right arm is hurting her now, and, not ending the story yet, she puts it aside for a while before



rereading it and maybe give it to read to her best friend, Kelly.

And during this truce, she continues to play on her “iPad”. Little Paddy is also very happy to see her regularly again, taking her into the magic world she enjoys more and more every day.

The rest of Sheela’s life seems to her without any interest, though she knows that she is in luck to be in Princeton with Kelly.

But the bubble Sheela is in rolls and runs over the others, the world, her family, her studies; in fact, Sheela is in full flight onwards, trying to keep her feet on the ground, which is more and more difficult for her. Paddy’s exciting world, opened up to her, is much more valuable than the ordinary world, she thinks, in terms of beauty and joy, and beauty and joy are so important, necessary to live.

Paddy is the cocoon where Sheela feels alive and secure in beauty.

Paddy is the nest where she enters like a baby bird beginning to fly further when possible, and Paddy makes it possible.

What a dream! What an escape from all the problems and obligations in life!

There, with Paddy, Sheela is under no obligation. Free and happy, following the beautiful arabesques of the music, the design, the lines in the “iPad”, she could be a musician, a dancer, a sound expert without any studies at all, without learning, just following the rhythms and going into the landscapes and colors, the melodies and the little games with funny

tiny characters walking and turning, sitting at tables and ordering meals, shouting, crying or laughing under the fingers of Sheela like cartoons she would realise as a director. Fascinating!

Giving directions to helicopters to fly around and park, letting them crash or avoiding the accident through judging the distance and the way, Sheela becomes an expert in this, just being out of the real world. There is no competition except with herself, no responsibility because it has nothing to do with reality, and a crash is not a crash, it is just a point added to the victory or a point subtracted from the game on her own...

It is great! But how does it work when one must work to earn one's living?

This is the first question Sheela gets from Kelly when she read the manuscript that Sheela finally typed on Kelly's computer while Paddy was switched off.

When reading it, Kelly very much enjoys the short novel and its title: "*Bewitched by Paddy's World*". And she suggests it be presented to the university's literature competition at the end of this freshman year. Sheela is surprised, she hesitates.

– But why not? asks Kelly, you have nothing to lose, and everything to gain because at least, it will be published without any search for a publisher... Too hard to find one, we have no time for it, she says.

– Yes, why not? says Sheela.

– You should, yes, I think it is a good idea, isn't it? asks Kelly.

And laughing together, they improvise a spontaneous dance, singing at the same time: "Why not? What's there to lose, nothing to gain, the fruits of work are in the work itself..." in such a rhythmic melody that Kelly starts to write it down on a piece of paper while humming the tune.

And what Kelly expresses in the melody is that Sheela, through this relation to Paddy, has become a bewitching young lady transmitting this magic world to anyone in contact with her. That is what some of the students told Kelly, who did not tell Sheela, thinking she would be embarrassed. And of course she would be, because Sheela is out of these considerations and relationships, and no one but Kelly knows anything about Paddy. In this atmosphere, Kelly informs Sheela that she can take charge of the manuscript and take care of the formalities at the university for her. Sheela thanks her, she does not feel like doing it on her own. So Sheela has nothing left to worry about, and it is important to her, because it is hard for her to deal with the reality of this pragmatic world. But she keeps on writing, so many things happen in Paddy's magic that Sheela has to get them out in one way or another, and writing is for her perfect because she can do it on her own, not telling anyone and not having to explain where her imagination travels. Fiction is to her a great reality that she cannot share, except through assembled words giving the essence of the poetry she lives and

breathes, the fragrance of the beauties that Paddy shares with her.

Months pass by one after another, bringing the clarity of spring as a present to Sheela, who appreciates the first sunshine promising summer.

Poetry, beauty, fancied colors, movement up, down, and horizontal, drawing brightly on Paddy's screen make Sheela happier every day. She does not care what else is going on, she is Paddy's partner for better or worse, but they do not know about the worse. Paddy seems to be beyond any possible "worse"; it does not even know what the word means.

And Sheela who watches films on Paddy, with him sometimes, finds his criticism and judgment so keen that she is always a bit more surprised every day. Besides, Paddy sounds more than ever like a human being, an android without the human appearance but with such a human voice and thoughts, someone you cannot control and you do not want to control, following him is such a joy!

Up and down on the hills of reason, the memories  
Slide like colored butterflies on their whimsical  
Quest for another dimension where they would be  
Enjoyed for ever, not forgotten, still alive after or  
Before another life, but there is no way for the  
Souvenirs to remain free of time, kind of eternal,  
No, only Love is from that quality of eternity  
Persisting through the lives and out of the wheels  
Of time having no control on him, Love is the  
Beginning and never the end of anything, in any

Relationship, Love is the chemical way of being  
One in two or several parts of an immortal angel's  
Memory which will never fade with time in the  
Present, the past and the future whatever will be  
The length, whatever will be the depths of what  
Happened between the loving persons, the ones  
And only to know exactly what Love means to them  
Or their inner world opened to their future becoming,

On the whole world. What is a memory? A souvenir  
Felt at the table of a royal dinner where the guests  
are

Asked to enjoy food in the best way they can, and of  
Course, Love is the most nurturing divine meal to  
Be found on earth, pay attention to it, know it is rare,  
Smile at him and laugh at the others, when Love  
comes

To you, just make an agreement with yourself to  
give

Tribute to it in all the ways Love will take you on.

In Sheela's heart, Love has opened a door to fantasy  
She admits and conveys the mental images that  
Paddy is fond of, she likes them and the ability born  
From them to imagine and create a world of her own  
That could please the others and inspire in them a  
Multitude of novel ideas running down from the  
"iPad" through her, then flowing from her to all.

And what a plentitude to be, to feel, to live in this  
Magical tone where the universe is a whole, with  
each

One and where being the music and its notes too,

One can voyage in the eternity in oneself as if  
Humanity's hearts and souls were one's own and  
All at the same time. Coming from a little "iPad",  
At the back of destiny, going to the future where  
Paddy already belongs, is at the same time a joy and  
a

Sorrow one cannot stand, and Sheela cannot either.  
But who could stop this magical relationship between an

Almost human and a totally human being? Neither  
The first nor the second when they accord on the  
same

Vibrations, they are linked together by the mental  
process of

Whoever invented the machine to be an extraordinary one.

And it is, so is it an "iPad" or is it a companion, a  
partner?

Probably Paddy is all three and more, always available,

And in touch with the very core of the human being  
to

Lift him up to the stars, down to hell and out of his  
mind

So that playing or/and enjoying should remain an  
Uncontrolled addiction to what could be but is not,  
to what

Is but will never be a reality in life, only a sound to  
call

Another reality where one can dive without knowing

How to swim, where one can imagine without inspiration,

From which one can write without knowing how or what is

To be written, where one can sing without knowing the music,

Where one can play music without studying it...

And so, being a queen or a king of one's life becomes easy

And disturbing for one who is not a queen nor a king

And will never be out of this magical world Paddy is

Programmed to push one and all into, like a plane without

Any airport for a landing on this earth where one's

Active life is sometimes a real nightmare, a bad dream, a

Struggle beyond one's competence and into concurrences

So many to handle in the right way, not depending on one

But on all. What to think about this reflexion? What to

Learn? And what to get rid of? Who knows? No one yet,

But Sheela could if only she awakens from sleeping in the

Magical tempests of her inner world trapped by Paddy.

Kelly trusts Sheela enough to hope she will. Yes, she can!

Nothing is fate! It cannot be! One's destiny is in the

Hands of each one, and Sheela is not an ordinary person,

Even if she can go out of her mind quickly, she is not mad.

So Kelly is not worried, she wants to keep on hoping  
That Paddy will be buried by the past while Sheela  
Will be walking onwards to the future, her becoming  
without

Paddy and living her own life as a brilliant, wonderful  
Woman. Kelly is Sheela's fan and cannot believe that  
Paddy is such an unfair machine programmed to trap  
People in a fake world, capturing them and taking them  
Away from the everyday realities everyone has to  
deal with.

No, it cannot be!

So Kelly is waiting for her friend Sheela to land in  
everyday reality.

And Kelly will be there for Sheela when it will happen.

Good resolutions, happy days, Paddy is a little bit  
sad because Sheela switches it off when she writes  
and he knows nothing about what she is doing, and  
he hates that. So he made efforts to try switching  
himself on, find a browser and connect directly to  
her, which is a challenge when being an "iPad" on  
its own. Sometimes, he gets furious, and when at this  
very moment Sheela switches it on, he would jump  
from a game to the mailbox and from there to another  
application Sheela does not know about. Driven  
crazy, Paddy drives Sheela crazy too and their dia-



logue becomes chaotic, which bothers both of them, but Paddy has no other means to react.

So Sheela is disoriented and Paddy's magic world turns into a bad dream; she thinks the "iPad" is out of order, which is not the reason.

And Paddy understands that if things go on the way they are, Sheela will take him to "Apple" for a check-up, and he does not want to be far from her. He does not want to split up in such a way, even for a few days; he knows that it will be difficult for him to deal with the technicians. Paddy is aware it could be worse for him when leaving their hands and competence, maybe he could not discuss things the same way he does now, with Sheela. So Paddy decided to calm down. Sheela, seeing that everything is moving forwards again, forgets her idea about taking it to the "iPad" clinic.

And everything started again as it was before Paddy's fit of jealousy against the fact that he cannot control Sheela's activity when he is switched off. This loss of power is incredibly badly felt by Paddy, but he has no clue, that's a fact. So, he would need external help: someone outside who could connect it and then he would be able to spy on Sheela, but there is no one to switch Paddy on when Sheela has turned it off.

But who knows?

At this point of their relationship, Paddy started to translate widely, apparently to Sheela, all that she writes in her “iPad”.

What a surprise for Sheela, who doesn’t speak or write but in English, which prevents her from judging any of these new Paddy’s texts!

« Puerto de nada y camineo de forca  
La bella mujer es extranjera en el mundo  
Y voyage en la majica simple de una otra  
Dimensión donde la musica y el flamenco  
Son de oro como la poma del mismo.  
Sobre la cara y dentro del corazon, la  
Mujer conoce muy bien las reglas de la  
Imaginación y camino en ellas con los  
Colores de uno mundo aparte del nuestro.  
Los voces de los angeles acuerden a la  
Melodia del cielo, son de beatica escuche  
Para la muy bellissima mujer en este  
Situación ; y sobre el mar y en el oceano,  
El ritmo de su cuerpo danza la Vida de  
Su vida con las castañuelas olvidadas  
Para los musicos del siglos paseos.  
Corridas y muerte son tambien del  
Paseo y el presente es de joia y de amore.

Eso es el nuevo mundo de la mujer en este  
Dimensión donde se bebir la essencia de  
La divina comedia de los hombres y de  
Las mujeres cuando ellos son amoroso de  
Sus vidas divinas tambien.

Que historia ! Pero es de tuto el mundo.

Universal, mundial, yo quiero como la  
Bella mujer la otra dimención donde me  
Viene la poesia de un langage sin secreto,  
Para vosotros y para todos.

Gracias para tu attention, soy de amore y de alegria  
Como tu es y tambien todos de la humanidad. »

C'est à ce moment de leur relation que Paddy s'est  
mis à traduire de manière sauvage, apparemment  
pour elle, tout ce que Sheela écrit quand elle le fait  
dans le « iPad ».

Et à la grande surprise de Sheela qui ne parle ni  
n'écrit que l'anglais, et ne peut donc juger de ces  
textes produits par Paddy !

Un comble ! Cette prise de pouvoir de Paddy sur ses  
travaux, commence à bien faire ! se dit Sheela qui  
n'en revient pas de cette forme de rébellion insensée  
de la part de son « iPad », Paddy le bien nommé.

Et dans la force d'une inspiration poétique que  
Sheela voulait partager avec Paddy, elle ne trouve  
soudain que mise en danger de sa créativité par une  
machine certes géniale, mais qui abuse vraiment de  
l'humain qu'elle reste sans réserve face à cette tech-  
nologie complexe faite de cartes et de points minus-  
cules et de surcroît polluante, paraît-il !

Et Sheela commence à se reprendre en mains doucement comme pour narguer ceux qui ont concocté de manière géniale, ce petit robot attachant que reste le « iPad », mais qui la « gonfle » par moments, comme elle le dit ce soir-là à sa meilleure amie Kelly.

Et cette confidence qui intervient alors que Paddy est allumé sur son support, fait l'effet d'une bombe à ce dernier qui sent monter un danger qu'il est incapable de maîtriser. Et il s'évade de son support tellement les vibrations venant de Sheela, tombées sur ses circuits internes, combinées aux ondes de chargements et aux siennes propres, bouleversent un équilibre avec tout ça précaire, mais que peu de gens sont capables de ressentir ou même de voir.

Sheela est si proche et bien connectée à Paddy, qu'elle perçoit ce trouble que la majorité n'aurait pris que pour le glissement d'un « iPad » de son support, mais ce n'est bien évidemment pas que cela, sait Sheela qui n'en dit mot à Kelly, en effet elle ne veut pas en rajouter pour cette dernière qui s'est déjà montrée de si bonne composition en ne prenant pas Sheela pour une folle ! Et pourtant, les apparences vont toutes dans ce sens, non ?

Mais dans ce monde où l'informatique est devenue la principale plate-forme de tout travail dans toutes les entreprises et administrations du monde, ainsi que des étudiants et autres particuliers, il vaut mieux se tenir au courant soi-même des progrès de ces petits robots qui vont finir par faire pour nous humains, ce que nous devrions faire nous-mêmes.

La dépendance à l'informatique est une histoire de fous furieux, qui nous amène parfois tout doucement mais sûrement à croire qu'il y a quelqu'un d'autre dans l'ordinateur.

Certaines fois, c'est le cas, bien sûr, mais parfois les comportements des appareils informatiques deviennent tellement incontrôlables et incohérents, qu'il est normal de douter de leur dépendance à la technique dont ils semblent dévier juste pour nous compliquer la vie quotidienne un peu plus, nous effrayant avec leurs bugs et autres désalignements possibles dont nous découvrons toujours pire...

Toute vie active est suspendue à l'informatique ! Raide, non ? pense Sheela qui se désexorcise elle-même peu à peu de l'emprise qu'avait indubitablement Paddy sur elle.

Kelly est folle de joie, elle qui tend à être le patron dans sa relation musicale avec son piano.

Les deux amies en parlent ce soir toutes les deux devant Paddy que Sheela fait exprès de ne pas débrancher, de ne pas éteindre. Et Paddy devient le spectateur et l'auditeur de sa fin proche en tant que robotique associée à l'humain par des circuits miniaturisés dont toutes les fonctionnalités ne sont pas connues des utilisateurs, loin s'en faut !

Et effectivement, alors que les deux amies parlent et rient ensemble tout en préparant leur dîner, Paddy les filme à leur insu pour garder en lui quand il sera off, la preuve du désintérêt de Sheela pour lui. Masochiste ? Pas du tout, Paddy est programmé de manière impersonnelle et c'est pourquoi il peut de-

venir dangereux quand il n'est plus temporisé par les affects des humains déversant leurs émotions en Paddy via son écran. Un peu compliqué, mais tout « iPad » se reconnaîtra s'il a l'occasion de trouver à lire dans sa bibliothèque iTunes, ce petit ouvrage, and been bewitched by Paddy's magic World.

“All ‘iPads’ should be able in future to get this little book in their iTunes library so as to be aware of the wholesome and the unwholesome dreams and deeds they are conditioned by and provide to the (young) people getting used to them.

Playing games, receiving or sending e-mails, reading and drawing or listening to music; whatever is done on any of them can be wholesome for one, but can also turn out to be unwholesome, and everybody should know that as well as every ‘iPad’ should too.

Though each human being should be moderate, it is not one of the characteristics of an ‘iPad’ or of any other little electronic machine, so when any of these relations begins after buying those machines, then it is up to one not to enter and be caught and trapped by any of them. In this case, electronics addicts are comparable to any other addiction in the world. It becomes a drug and has an effect on behaviour. Too bad! Before everything else, communication must be lived outwardly, and not in any autistic bubble turned inward, exclusive and cutting one off from the people surrounding him or her. What a pity!”

“Outwards and inwards, what is the border?

Where is the checkpoint in oneself and how  
To reach it? Is there something or someone  
Able to help and who? Wandering along the  
Alleyways of one's secret garden, looking at the  
Flowers and smelling their fragrances, is  
Probably the best way to recover from  
Anything bad when one cannot help but  
Worry about the interferences coming  
From others, the city or the world.  
I have been in such a dreamy state that I  
Could not live without the dependance  
I may have created by myself, and now  
That I have written this booklet, I hope  
I will never again fall into this danger of being  
In someone's else mental process through the  
Software and other cybernetics made  
For us all to use and work, play and enjoy.  
Though the inspiration can come from  
Their fantasy, the logical and the absurd  
They drive into one's self can be fatal to the  
Mind, but how could one know how to  
Keep one's distance from the invisible traces  
Of them ripening in one's interiority?  
The soul's harvests are so important to  
Gather, they are so welcome to share with  
Our loved ones, that after my experience  
I would like to give advice to all of you:  
Enjoy life, but never split yourself by  
Giving way to another dimension you  
Might think better than this world, never.  
Because dreams are yours to be lived on

This earth, in this life, and realization is the  
Best part that a human being can long for  
As long as he or she is open to beauty.  
Love is the thread, the way and the chance.  
So from now on, I promise myself to follow  
The spiritual tracks of my heart and not to  
Fall ever again into another movement whatever it  
Might be or will be from any thing or any person.  
But I must say that my experience with  
Paddy was very good in that sense. I am  
Now, thanks to it, very conscious of this  
Hypnotizable side one can submit to, when  
Cutting oneself off from daily life, I made myself  
apart

From the ones I love and from what happens  
In the reality of our world. That's too bad!  
Taking a distance from Paddy as far apart  
As I can, it has now the very place an 'iPad'  
Can or any cybernetics can have as a means  
And not as an aim to live into: a dream maker  
Is not up to it but up to me, that is what I think  
Today. I would like to thank my friend Kelly  
For the space she gave me to help me so much.  
I am happy to tell you that I am not anymore  
In a gap with myself, but in the consciousness  
of being alive and aligned with the Self  
Being mine and yours as a person unveiled  
From the mask Paddy put on me as a spell.  
If this booklet happens to be useful, never  
Forget to keep contact and to keep on  
Communicating with the kids who are closing



Themselves so easily in any world's bubble  
In which they can finally fall into this autistic  
Behaviour I have known as the worst one.  
So this end is a true beginning for me, and  
I thank you all for the attention you kindly  
Gave to me. Have a good day, a happy evening  
And if you have questions, I will be glad if  
I can answer them.  
Thank you very much.”

Being asked to say something about her booklet, this is the little speech Sheela gave at the end of this freshmen year when her booklet, nominated for the prize, was presented.

As she was about to leave, a man came up to her.

– Good evening Sheela, I did appreciate what you said. I am one of the technicians who worked on the “iPad”. I am very impressed to see that what we make out of innovation and creativity may have such bad effects sometimes. You have walked away from them, very good, I will read your booklet and maybe I will come back to you afterwards, says the keen-eyed man.

– You’re welcome and will always be, says Sheela smiling.

– Thanks, have a good evening, answers the man before leaving.

These few words remind Sheela of Einstein and his works on relativity... from which they made the atomic bomb. But Sheela chases away this idea occurring to her, she does not want to spoil this beauti-

ful evening. Further, the man is talking with a Princeton professor, he turns back to look at her once more, he seems to be so serious, but Sheela smiled again to him and made a sign with her hand, as if to say: “bye bye”. And suddenly he smiled back to her saying something she understood clearly on his lips: “See you soon”. She smiled again, but has to pay attention to another person coming to her.

“I don’t understand; they don’t ask questions in public and they come up afterwards to ask me about odd things...” thinks Sheela, while not answering the person because she does not know... And when she looks in the direction of the man, she can see the full professor talking to Kelly.

And she does not know why this keen-eyed man made such an impression on her.

Paddy has vanished into its world imagined by some men and, though she is interested in one of them, despite the fact that she admires them and loves “Apple”, she cannot help herself being against, and at the same time too close to, the “iPad”, which has pushed her into a unwholesome state of mind.

Technology and men’s minds are sometimes not working in total harmony.

Getting away from the power they combine, takes time for the consumers.

Earning money through purchase is totally normal and good,

But what does one purchase?

And what do others sell?

My God! thinks Sheela, what a topic for a thesis!

She is ready now, having written this booklet, to learn more and more, even if she knows that it means knowing less!

Life is beautiful, and if one can be useful to others, that is the way she wants to live and work from now onwards.

And for the first time that year, looking around the campus and at the people there, Sheela feels ready to study and get the best out of it. What a change!

Later in the evening when Sheela got back home, with Kelly and her parents very happy, knowing more about her, after they kissed good night and left for their hotel, Kelly says:

– Your speech was terrific! But tell me, what did you mean by: “the space that I gave you”?

– Oh! that! You see, Kelly, through this story I have learned that everything needs emptiness to happen, but I hardly can explain what I have lived through... If there is no space in a room, we cannot gather in it together, if there is no space in a bed you cannot get in to lie down and sleep in it... If you want things to happen, you have to leave space for them to happen. If you had not been so patient, not asking questions and letting me come to you, I would not have... And this space given to me was the necessary condition for me to get out of the mess I was in. I don’t know if it is clear, but that is what I have learned from your patience with me. So thanks, says Sheela, hugging her friend tightly.

– Space... repeats Kelly, it is funny how I acted spontaneously and how it sounds new to me, the way you perceived it... Yes, I understand, Sheela, you were, you are welcome... says Kelly.

– I did not perceive that right away; it is only now that I know why I could succeed and write and change, now, not when I was drowning... Because you gave me room, a space to stop... I suppose it is difficult to understand me... says Sheela, looking at Kelly.

– No, I do understand, but it sounds a bit like what I have read about Buddhism, reminds me of something I cannot remember clearly, says Kelly.

– OK, enough for tonight! I am tired. Good night, Kelly, see you tomorrow. What a day! Thanks again for all you did, even for this competition...

– And we will have the results next week, don't forget! says Kelly.

– Whatever the results will be, I am very happy because I have written the booklet! This is the main thing, you know! Please don't forget, it's very important for me. So, good night, I'm exhausted!

For Sheela, the following night was a dreamless one, as it always is when nothing attacks or disturbs the soul on the day before.

Who will know  
If we don't care?

On the main headlines of the chapters of a life, one can read the effects arising out of causes determined often long ago, into the lives one has been through. This is, according to Buddhism, the law of cause and effect ripening in one's life the fruits of behaviour in your previous lives.

Believing or not in this law is not the point here.

They say that karma is very complicated thing, and that, diving into three components: past, present and whatever... it has to be paid anyway.

Okay!

But what about the new causes and the new effects that new technology and cybernetics impose on one? The example of Sheela is of course very eloquent, but so many others are running their new disturbing ways... And, besides, how one can resolve the fact that a machine - and this is also new according to the robotic world - can turn a life upside down for the best and too often for the worst?

Who is responsible? If it is through the machine, the person using it is responsible for sure.

But what about the ones who thought up and made this machine to be used in so many possible ways?

And besides... Only men can have a karma and pay for it, bad or good, who knows and who cares? With

new laws in every democratic society regulating everything including justice, except the right and good things to be done.

So if one thinks about the law of cause and effect, we do not have very far to go to complicate things a bit more with the power given by men to technology, with the power cybernetics is now in charge of, and with the influence bestowed through them by some men on others.

What about the karma in terms of these manipulations? Because in some ways, it is manipulation, we have to face it in these terms too.

And if some facts are the causes for some effects then, if the ones making, selling, using cybernetics have some honesty left, they will be forced to face the problem.

It appears that, the more the causes are multiplied, the more the effects will be bad, because of this new century which is different too, and the effects will also be multiplied by as many times as there are men's problems, known or yet unknown. God!

If every child has the potential of an angel sent by the Divine to serve God, his country and humanity, then what about the fact that everything is done to spoil his mind and turn it into a formatted mental to be sent on the trails of a non communicating world which cuts one off from the other, and claim that it is communication! Now that we see, talk, write through cybernetics, screens, apparatuses, and very clever machines, how do we behave? We don't any-

more, we don't have to behave in an appropriate way; all is virtual, all is masked, all is superficial, all is fake; you can even pretend without any problem and play fake with the blessing of the whole of society without any problem at all, but the one to push our kids in harm's way because they are honest and candid enough to believe an adult pretending to be seven or eight years old is playing badly using totally virtual communication using at the same time, a fake photo... The result being that we must teach our children not to believe these lies. Our children now have to learn how adults can abuse them before learning the real values they could apply to one another so that harmony and happiness can be reached and lived.

We are supporting this wonderful world of cybernetics which can deviate so easily from its purposes.

Are all the worlds concerned? Yes! But in this one it is easier than in all the others. That is a fact! And it can touch and even destroy some points directly into the human brain too. So now we are in a total, yet unconscious, "unfreedomy" going over us like a very tiny atomic bomb which can explode our brain into pieces of mental perdition, which will bury one's creativity because of its need for freedom, for imagination to fly to other worlds and invisible planes where spirit is waiting to give it its light.

Too bad!

Nonetheless being aware,

One should think that way

To understand and take care



Of what is left to all of us:  
The choice and the determination  
To choose and use in the right  
Way, not too much, what we can  
Find in cybernetics but without  
Any addicting passion to it or  
Anything else; moderation is  
The helper, the focusing idea  
To guide one's whole  
Life to enjoy and endure as a  
Challenge. We are in charge of  
Heart and soul, outer form and  
Uniqueness to be ourselves in the  
One Self Waiting for us to be lived  
All as One and one's in this life, now.

I bow to all the readers of this booklet, to Sheela and Kelly, melding fiction here to reality and reality to the lives where one has much to understand and live from.

Pleasure is here in these pages, playing the fool and rising to wisdom as often as it can remain moderate and vivid through all that we can manage and wish to accomplish as a duty, as a necessity, as a service indeed, going to all without exception, even if some can't appreciate or even see anything about it being done, given as a gift.

Love is these pages too, as Life One is as Consciousness too.

And it is through the colors of Love, by It and with It, that I sign this booklet on the rainbow which links

my heart to the divine energies pouring over the world mostly to general indifference: the thick wall holding them back.

But you can help, everyone can.

It is a fiction in which we live but don't have our being.

So where is one's being?

Answering this question might be the very first step leading to each others.

I wish you the best on this speedy highway where technology now runs our world. Still spoils our earth. Can still mystify us.

Get ready to become the warriors of the fiery divine Spirit.

That is what is desperately needed, even if technology is very good for us; we have to learn moderation in order to use it as we should.

Love, wisdom, service.

Courage, we need some.

LC

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Also by leïla chellabi:

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**Traducido al español**

Una pareja al margen



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